

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, April 12, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

According to the belief of some, the Income tax is to be declared constitutional in most of its parts.

THE Webster Echo, the only newspaper of Webster County, has been purchased by Mr. C. P. Darlington, of Weston, and the first issue of the new regime reached us this week. It is enlarged and very much improved in appearance.

OWING to pressing engagements the editor of this paper is obliged to refuse an invitation to a log-rolling on Friday of this week, but has sent three men to take his place in the work and at the festive board. We always try to do the square thing.

AN Italian scientist thinks he has discovered that old age is caused by a certain sort of bacteria which infect the system, and that if they be eradicated man might be immortal. Still he might be snake-bit, and it would be still harder to give up the glorious physical life which this scientist promises us.

THE article concerning the railroad, in the issue from the Baltimore Sunday Herald, of last week, was sent to a doctor of Marlinton by Dr. Hamilton, of 1315 W. Fayette Street, a prominent physician who conducts a sanitarium famous for its success in the treatment of the opium habit. He gives the advice to "hold on to Marlinton real-estate."

OSCAR WILD's libel suit against the Marquis of Queensbury failed. He is now arrested and bail refused, and will stand a trial for the crime of which the Marquis had accused him. "London's disciple of open aestheticism and secret filth" has been let down into the mud to which he belongs, by his former admirers, and a felon's life for the remainder of his existence is too good for him.

THE late occurrence makes it very plain that if we had a telephone the negroes who escaped from jail last Sunday night would find it impossible to go into any railroad station without being apprehended. When the word came that they were making for Camden-on-the-Gauley, all that would have been necessary would have been telephonic communication to have put that whole country on the lookout. It seems to us that the County Court would be justified in building a line to some point on the railroad, and that they would find it a profitable investment. We are not sure that they could do it legally, but are sure that the county could do it as a whole through the County Court. It seems as though it was impossible for a line to be built by subscription. A line was once completed as far as Falling Springs, but owing to the fact that it was not between objective points, it soon fell into disuse. This example acts very unfavorably, and men seem unwilling to put their money into the project. The cost of telephones is very much reduced, owing to the expiration of certain patents, and it seems strange that a county of the wealth and importance of ours should be contented to remain in the backwoods in the way of communication with what we call the "outside world."

IN THE FLOOD!

A YOUNG LUMBERMAN DROWNED AT RONCEVERTE.

RONCEVERTE, W. Va., April 9.—

A distressing occurrence took place in the Ronceverte boom Monday morning about 10 o'clock. Mr. John Branham, a young man in the employ of the St. Lawrence Company, was standing on the boom logs, directing the logs, when a wave struck and threw him backwards into the river. He appeared but once and then sank. Great sympathy exists as he was a excellent young man. His parents reside in Ronceverte.

Pathetic Appeal.

The following is a letter picked up in Pittsburg by a gentleman, it having been put into a bottle and cast afloat on the turbid waters of the Monongahela, about one hundred miles above Pittsburg. It has the true ring about it, and it is too bad to suppose that it may be like many other effusions cast afloat in a similar manner, and be the result of having first emptied the bottle:

"Monnagah marian county W Va March 1.

please anser me and let me now how far my bottle com i am 22 and think it time i wood get married what doo you say a bout it if you want to mary i am the girl for you i am good looking but not very smart, Pless anser me From a girl that wants to marry. "N.B."

A Mighty Hunter.

In the uppend of Pocahontas there is a man who has hunted over all the Rocky Mountains and the mountains of the Pacific Slope. It is Mr. Granville Kellar. His last trip to the Rockies was made last summer, and he expects to go again this coming season. He went with a party from Philadelphia last year, and all during the season of good weather, was buried in the trackless wilds of those regions. The party contained one young and beautiful lady who accompanied her husband. She was a dead shot, and during the trip killed five elk, three deer, and one antelope.

Mr. Kellar has killed a number of grizzly bears and says he has never been in very close places with them, or that he would not have been here to tell it. The largest he has ever killed weighed about one thousand pounds.

In speaking of the grizzly bear charging the hunter the moment he has fired and wounded him, Mr. Kellar says that when a bear is hit the first thing he does is to bite at the wound, and then raising his head bolts in the direction his head is turned, and as this is almost always in the direction of the place from which the shot was fired.

He has trophies of the chase in great numbers, and is a veritable Nimrod.

Lobelia.

Raining. Grass growing finely. Wheat looks promising.

Hill's Creek was higher last night than it has been for ten years.

H. L. Casebolt is on the sick-list. Miss Mary McMillion is better. Miss Lizzie Bruffey, who has been sick for some time, is no better. Grave fears are entertained as to her recovery by the physicians. She has expressed herself as ready at any time to go where "sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more."

J. P. Ray had his house burned on the 4th inst. Also Mr. Martin Lions, on Capt. Edgar's place, on Cranberry, had his house burned, losing everything he had, including ten dollars in money.

W. B. Hill has made 14 gallons of molasses since April 1st.

TO THE WEST.

Floyd Blankenship came through the woods from Camden-on-the-Gauley. He reports business brisk and plenty of work for all at good wages. He says the snow was about two feet deep in the mountains. He brings word of the sad death of four men who started down the Guyandotte River on a raft. A fifth man was so badly frozen that both legs were taken off at the knees.

OBSERVER.

Circuit Court.

LAW ORDERS.

In addition to certain items of general interest reported last week the following orders were entered: William Curry, Dr. Patterson, Amos Barlow, J. W. Baxter, J. H. Doyle, and Sherman Curry were appointed trustees of the Huntersville Presbyterian Church.

J. Asbury Sheets, J. F. Patterson, Henry L. Taylor, W. W. Galford, and W. B. Hudson, were appointed trustees of the Wesley Chapel, M. E. Church South, in Green Bank district.

S. W. Holt v. Walton Allen, dismissed adjusted.

L. M. McClintic, prosecuting attorney for this county being so situated that it is not proper for him to prosecute Chas. Slavin on the charge of felony, it was ordered that W. A. Bratton be appointed for this purpose.

M. J. McNeil, admr. v. W. H. Overholt, dismissed without prejudice to another suit.

State v. Schisler Silva, indictment for misdemeanor, not guilty. State v. John Silva, same, same verdict.

D. O'Connell v. The Cumberland Lumber Company, an injunction having been awarded staying this cause, and on motion of the plaintiff the court refusing to dissolve the injunction, the plaintiff excepts to the said action, and tendering his bill of exception, it is signed, sealed, and delivered, etc.

Gilmer v. Peabody Insurance Company, continued at defendant's cost.

Peter S. Hyde v. D. O'Connell, non-suit taken by plaintiff.

Lucy Sutton v. C. P. Kerr, C. P. C., dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

W. A. Bratton and W. H. Grose appointed to examine Circuit clerks office.

Dr. James Price, W. A. Bratton, and W. H. Grose appointed to examine county jail.

Thomas Barnett v. Horace Herold, and others, judgment rendered against all parties for \$475.80; except Newton Moore, and as to him this cause goes over until a future term of this court.

(Continued on back page.)

Greenbrier Presbytery.

Greenbrier Presbytery met at Ronceverte, April 3rd at 7:30 p. m. and opened with a sermon by Rev. O. H. Dobbs, on Romans 8: 15. The subject, adopting grace.

Rev. J. W. Holt was chosen moderator. Rev. G. W. Nickell and Elder S. A. Houston Clerks. There were 16 ministers and 13 ruling Elders in attendance.

The pastoral relation of Rev. E. D. Jeffries and Alderson Church was dissolved by mutual consent. Sabbath school interests seem to be progressing quite well, and several congregations in a hopeful state of Christian activity.

Rev. C. H. Dobbs with Rev. J. W. Holt, alternate and Ruling Elder, W. W. Pence, with S. A. Houston, Alternate, were appointed commissioners to general assembly at Dallas, Texas, third Thursday of May.

Rev. R. L. Telford preached the Presbyterian sermon on Sabbath Observance. Dr. M. L. Lacy made a telling address on the cause of education.

Mr. Burke Rapp, of Spring Creek Church was received as a candidate for the ministry. Mr. R. L. Benn was transferred to the Presbytery of Northville. Greenbrier Presbytery now consists of 35 churches, with twenty ministers. One hundred and four Ruling Elders, thirty-five Deacons, four candidates for ministry, two thousand and two hundred and fifty members.

Liberty Church, near Green Bank was chosen for the next place of meeting, September 4th, 1895.

The attendance upon public worship was very good, and the hospitality of the people worthy of special commendation.

Millinery Notice.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager will establish a first class millinery establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful styles. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course in millinery, and will return with a complete line.

The Chicago stock-yards cover 350 acres.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned firm will please take notice that they are hereby requested to come forward and settle up.

E. L. BEARD & Co.
Academy, W. Va.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNERBERRY.
2t. Clover Lick, W. Va.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

E. H. Smith,

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
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Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours—day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

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—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery

Store and Shop,

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. F. Crammett, who is employed by the firm.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 31 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Inure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.

Cash Capital \$100,000.00.

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. Va.

Rice is the food produced of the world that is most generally and extensively used.

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THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that takes the mark every time. It's a regular too; shoots 25 times and can be Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is armed with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all—sets and releases the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Adjustable lens. Head and flash.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to finish the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO. *
Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, polio, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bow-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

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T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1236m

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Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day . . . 1.00
per meal . . . 25
lodging . . . 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

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BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent.

Rcom, 19, Reilly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

FOR RENT!

My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden.

J. R. POASE, Edray, W. Va.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 15th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$3.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,

CONCORD CHURCH,

W. VA.

Many blind persons are now taking to typewriting.

HOME NEWS

—Quite a lot of rafting was done on the river this week.

—There were seventy-five applications for liquor license, at the recent term of the Randolph County Court.

—James F. Byrd, so well known to the people of this town, has announced himself and entered into the race for the trusteeship of Bath county.

—Richard Mathews, a first-class shoemaker, has established a shop in town. He is well known as a fine workman, having been located at Mill Point for a number of years.

—James McAvay was found dead in his room at the Central Hotel at Grafton, asphyxiated by natural gas. The pipe supplying a stove in his room had burst. He was a brother to the proprietor of the hotel.

—Col. O'Connell's drive was unable to work on Monday owing to the loss of their boats. The rise in the creek was so unexpected that the boats were pulled loose from their moorings.

—W. McClintic, Esq., sent off the prize yoke of steers last week. They weighed 8990 pounds, one weighed 2045 pounds, and the other 1945 pounds. They were the largest cattle seen in this part in a long time. They were raised by Mr. Sherman Clark, of the Levels.

—At Edray last Monday Abe Shinnberry was tried for a misdemeanor before Justice Cook. A jury was demanded, and after an exciting and somewhat lengthy trial a verdict of not guilty was rendered by the jury. Attorneys McNeil and Bratton represented the prosecuting witness and defendant, respectively.

—The river and Knapp's Creek were high last Monday morning, the waters of the creek being very nearly up to the public school buildings. The river was higher than it has been for several years, and is apt to give the town of Roncove a shaking on account of the immense number of logs in the river.

—There is a gigantic lie going the rounds of a certain big bird in Webster County, with wings which spread 18 feet, and which carries off sheep and deer. Recently, it is said, it captured a ten year old girl and carried her away to its eerie, where it devoured her. It is described as having fearful talons and tremendous eyes. It is needless to say that the whole is a monstrous lie, as we are right in the bird's supposed hunting ground ourselves.

—Pat Simmons made a fine display of nerve last Sunday night. He was out hunting the jail birds who had fled the scene. He had been to Driscoll and was returning, looking every minute to meet them riding stolen horses. He met two men riding on a perpendicular bluff two hundred feet high, opposite Barclay's mill-dam, who answered the description exactly. Pat held them up right manfully with a Winchester rifle. It proved to be some of the searching party, who were out hoping and dreading to overhaul the desperadoes. As Mr. Simmons was riding Lock McClintic's "Pat," it is hard to say what the harvest would have been had he had occasion to fire a gun from his back. They both would probably have taken a flying jump over the brink. Ichabod Crane's horse, "Gunpowder," wouldn't have been in it at all.

Roncove Items.

Roncove by latest estimates has a population of 1070, in the corporation, and about as many in the suburban groups, that cluster around; making an aggregate of over two thousand.

The St. Lawrence Mills are running on double time, and are turning out one hundred and seventy-five thousand feet per day.

J. Mason Price, Esq., is mayor of the town, and is kept quite busy in corporation affairs, the present lively times.

It was pleasant to hear our Pocahontas citizens here on the drive, commended for their good behavior, and their returning home with their well earned wages to be put to good use there.

—Times office for jobwork.

THROUGH THE COOP!

THE TWO NEGRO PRISONERS PLAY THE JAILER A NASTY TRICK.

Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland, the notorious pair of negro burglars, upon whose capture and certain conviction the whole county was looking with feelings of deepest satisfaction, gave Jailer Siple the slip last Sunday night, and left him bemoaning his fate as a victim of misplaced confidence.

On that evening the jailer went into the jail to give the prisoners their supper and make everything ready for the night. The negroes were in a cell on the left hand side near the door of the corridor. The lever locking the cells was thrown, barring the cell doors, but the "dead-lock," which would have prevented the occurrence, was not adjusted, and this was the one little bit of negligence on the jailer's part. The jailer then unlocked the door of the corridor and went into a cell beyond where the negroes were confined to get a slop bucket. While he was in this cell the two prisoners clambered up the side of their cage, reached through the bars, and slid the levers back releasing the door, which could never have been done had the catch been adjusted to the lever. In an instant they were in the corridor, through the door, which Cumberland locked in the jailer's face. Just at this point the jailer would have given all he was worth to have had his hands on his trusty pistol which he had failed to bring along.

The occasion was evidently such that words were wholly superfluous, and none passed. The negroes ran through the hallway, out at the front door of the jail, and climbing the bluff back of the jail, passed by the cemetery and out of sight just about dusk. The jailer's wife liberated him in a few minutes, and the alarm was given.

THE CHASE.

In a few minutes a number of men were on the ground, among whom was the State's Attorney, Mr. L. M. McClintic. He placed a reward of \$200 upon them, assuring the crowd that if the County Court refused to ratify it, that it would be raised from the contributions of private citizens. There were a number of ready helpers at hand with arms and horses, eager for the chase, reward or no reward, for it has been said that of all exciting work nothing comes near that of hunting a man. In the direction the fugitives took there lie miles of unbroken wilderness, and if they kept to the woods search would be hopeless. It was universally supposed that they would steal horses and make for some railroad station. They would have the choice of Hot Springs, Millboro, White Sulphur, Roncove, Camden-on-the-Gauley, Pickens, Beverly, Elkins, or Davis as the point at which they might board a train. Runners were sent in all directions, and the roads of the county were well patrolled that night. This country has not seen in years such a rain as fell that night. The water came down in a perfect sheet. The roads were transformed into streams of water. The streams speedily became too high to be forded, and the condition of the fugitives in the wet brush can be imagined. They were very thinly clothed and without food. The writer is perfectly able to speak of that night, for he was out until three in the morning, and of all the storms to which he has ever been exposed, this was the worst. No sign of the men were discovered that night. The next morning waters of the county were all past riding, which would cut them off from any direction except to the north. On this morning Mrs. S. L. Brown saw a negro on the point of a high ridge overlooking the town. As no one lives in this direction, and no one could be there hunting at this time of year, the only conclusion that could be drawn was that it was one of the men wanted. A large party with Winchesters surrounded the ridge and searched it carefully, but no sign was discovered. The whole country is aroused, as these men are believed to be the parties guilty of the atrocious robberies in the Levels, which have terrorized that community. Notwithstanding that

the evidence against them was meagre when they were arrested in January, any one who has knowledge of the evidence collected by the Prosecuting Attorney and Sheriff, has had every scintilla of doubt as to their guilt removed. Only enough evidence was put before the grand jury to secure an indictment, much of the most important evidence being reserved on the part of the State.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN.

Armstrong is a man of about thirty-five. He is a light mulatto, has a long-like face in which the bones show prominently; wore a black, heavy mustache and small side-burns; is about six feet high; has a defective front tooth; is a loud and fluent talker and gesticulates freely; is the leader of the party and the spokesman, and has a very intelligent face. He spent the first part of his life in Pocahontas, but since then has lived in Ohio, where he served a term in the penitentiary. Cumberland is a younger and darker negro; has a broad and short face and a very wide mouth, reminds one of a cat-fish; has a brutal and very unprepossessing look; the lower part of his face is seared and seared as though by scrofula or other skin disease. Both are large, powerful men, and may be expected to make a desperate resistance if arrested. Are supposed to be unarmed.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

This is the most difficult part of the account to write. A kind-hearted man approached both newspapers with the request that we write up the account in such a manner as that "no blame would attach to either the jail or the jailer." This made us feel disposed to lay it upon some body in *pais*, as they say in law. However, Jailer Siple, who is one of our most respected officials, and with whom no one has ever heretofore had the least occasion to find fault, relieves our embarrassment by declaring that it was no fault of the jail. The matter is just simply this: that the slight omission of failing to secure the lever in the ordinary manner was noticed by the prisoners and their boldness enabled them to carry out their attempt with great coolness and dispatch. We may feel very sure that this is the very last escape that will be made, if Will Siple keeps that jail for fifty years. During the last year there have been seven arrests made of men charged with felony. Of these four have broken jail. This makes the business a very serious matter. When the new jail was occupied this fashion of escaping was supposed to be one of the past, but nevertheless the old established historical fact has again been demonstrated that "there has never been a jail or fortress built so securely but that at some time or other the ingenuity of man has accomplished an escape from it." The superintendent of the building, which has just been finished, remarked, on hearing the news, that the "Manly Manufacturing Company has always claimed that it could make the jails, but was unable to make jailers." Armstrong is the man who burnt a hole through an eight-inch, solid-oak wall at Huntersville, and crawled through it, and he ought to have been put in chains after that.

THE CAPTURE.

This account, which is fast growing to be of magazine length, can be made complete by details of the capture of the prisoners. About dusk on Tuesday evening, exactly two days from the escape, great noise of people shouting and cries of "rope!" "rope!" were heard all over town, and a large procession escorted Armstrong and Cumberland through the main street of the town and saw them safely lodged in jail.

The men presented a sorry picture, being all but barefooted, with their clothing torn and bedraggled and all their natural vitality washed out of them by the fearful rains while they were wandering and starving in the wet woods of the mountains to the west of us.

The account of the route they took is about in this way: On gaining the top of the Cemetery hill they plunged down, into, and across Knapp's Creek, into Buckley Mountain, crossed the Greenbrier in a stolen canoe at Buckeye, wandered up Swago Creek, crossed over to Stoney Creek; which they

thought was William's River, came down the stream towards Marlinton until they reached the Old Hamlin Chapel, which is an old and almost disused church right on the stream, in which they slept until 9 o'clock Monday morning. Thus they had made almost a circuit of this town within a radius of four miles the first night. The fearful rain that night confused them and they lost their way.

At nine they ascended the mountain to John Curry's and got something to eat—the first in twenty-four hours. Here Armstrong had a chill. They aimed again for William's River and went down Swago by mistake to within a mile from the Greenbrier. Starting right they reached the Burgess Barn, on Beaver Dam, and lay there Monday night. They struck the main branch of William's River that morning about ten miles from Marlinton, having been two nights and a day going that distance. They went down the river and forded it thirteen times. The river was very full.

They reached J. R. Davis' house on Mr. C. E. Beard's place, and got something to eat just a few minutes after Mr. Davis had received word of the escape. Mr. Davis followed them and got Alvon Burr and came on the negroes lying in a patch of brush by a little fire. Covering them with their Winchesters, they ordered them to throw up their hands, which they did with great quickness. They were then marched into town, and arrived almost dead from fatigue and exposure.

Thus ended the most exciting event that ever stirred up the town, though people at a distance may be unable to see how the escape, chase, and capture of two poor devils could have moved the citizens of the town to such an extent. The fact is that every one deemed it his duty to do all in his power to recapture these men, and did not like the idea of the two negroes outwitting the county.

The alarm was so generally given that the men found even the William's River route closed to them, though the least attention was paid to this exit.

Southern Methodist Conference.

The Conference met at Washington, D. C. The minister at Academy, Rev. A. C. Hamill, was returned; Rev. J. T. Maxwell was sent to Green Bank, in place of Rev. C. L. Potter, and Rev. Barrett to Huntersville in Rev. C. M. Sarver's place.

The Clifton Forge Review gives the following notice of the charges given to Rev. C. F. Moore and Rev. John A. Taylor, of this county. It seems that both these gentlemen have received appointments which are among the most important that the Conference had in its power to bestow, outside of the large cities:

"Rev. C. F. Moore, so well and favorably known in Clifton Forge since early in 1890, we are glad to learn, has been placed in charge of the church in Piedmont, West Virginia, a thriving town west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Piedmont is quite a growing place. It has a population of some six thousand people, and is healthful, picturesque, and accessible. We think Mr. Moore fortunate in the assignment, and at the same time congratulate the church at that place in securing his services. He will popularize it, if possible, and do valiant service in the cause of the great Master, to which he has re-dedicated his life.

"Rev. John A. Taylor, from West Virginia, the earnest and successful revivalist, who assisted Rev. L. R. Markwood here last fall in a successful meeting, which resulted in more than a hundred additions to the Methodist church, was placed in charge of the Rockville, Maryland, circuit, one of the most populous and desirable circuits within the bounds of the conference.

DO NOT FAIL to attend the festival to be given by the ladies at Mrs. Carter's on next Wednesday evening.

Without Notice, There is No Day Sold Everywhere, Every Day Very True, but It Kills All Pains What a Funny Name! Lightning Hot Drops

Personal.

P. Golden, one of our merchants is off to Baltimore to buy spring goods.

Mr. S. M. Gay made a trip to Alleghany County, Va., this week. Mrs. E. L. Holt, of Academy, was in town last Monday.

Mr. Frank Harper, of Academy, was in Marlinton on Tuesday on some legal matters.

Judge Cook presided in some trials at Marlinton this week.

Curry Skeen, of Covington, is stopping in our town for the present.

Capt. Smith did not go to the woods on the trail of the fugitives from justice, this week. Neither did Dr. Price. The Captain said he did not have the "wind," but that he had the "sand." The Doctor said he had the "wind." They combined and confederated, but were unable to furnish an outfit.

Festival.

The ladies of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church of Marlinton, will give a festival at the residence of Mrs. Carter, on Wednesday evening the 17th inst. at 6 p. m. Single person 15 cts. or 25 cts. for two. Every body is invited, and we feel sure that the citizens of Marlinton and neighboring towns will be present and reward these ladies for their efforts to give the people a pleasant time.

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Huntersville on the 25th of April, and remain 3 days; Green Bank, 29th 3 days; Clover Lick, May 6th 3 days. Call early and make your engagements.

Dilleys Mill.

Fine rains. We are delighted to see spring showers revive the grass, and bid fair for good crops. Plowing is being done.

Prof. C. H. Anderson closed his second term of school at Cove Hill 2d inst. Prof. Anderson is an excellent teacher and taught two very successful terms.

The boys have returned from the drive. Some have gone to help D. O'Connell move his rear.

Sunday School was organized at Mt. Zion last Sunday. Sunday School on the 21st. We want all to come and help us in this good cause.

Rev. C. M. Fultz is with us again and preached a very able sermon at Mt. Zion last Sunday, from Ezekiel, 36: 11.

Fine prospect for wheat in places Mr. Morgan Grimes has the best wheat in all this section of country.

W. L. Moore, Esq., has left this part for awhile. He is at Mr. Geo. Gibson's, near Marlinton. Don't forsake us, "Bill!" Come back soon.

ANONYMOUS

[Through modesty we refrain from printing the last item submitted by this correspondent, which speaks in unmeasured terms of commendation of this paper.—ED.]

Green Bank.

We are having fine growing weather, and grass is coming fine, stock can be turned out soon if the weather keeps warm.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, were visiting relatives in this vicinity last week.

Curry and Beverage, jewelers of Rock Cave, W. Va., were in our town on last week.

Mr. L. Hunter Mooman, who has been attending a medical college in Baltimore one term, is at home, spending vacation at this time.

Died: on the 4th day of April of cancer, Mr. John G. Sutton, after a short illness; a large concourse of sorrowing friends followed his remains to the family burying ground where he will await the trumpet's sound. He bore his suffering with Christian fortitude, and died in peace leaving on the arm of his Savior. His funeral will be preached at this place on the 21st of April at 11 o'clock; that being the third Sunday of this month.

Servant of God well done, rest from thy loved employ. The battle's fought, the victory won, enter thy Master's joy.

The mail boy got a ducking in the Hevner Run last Monday, and got no farther than this place. North Fork was on a bender and not to be trifled with, so we got no mail. We had very heavy rains Sunday night.

Messrs. O. B. Collins & Co. will start a raft of ash lumber down the Greenbrier to-day (Tuesday) for Roncove.

If you want to trade a horse for a buggy, part pay, call of J. H. Curry, who will trade if your horse suits him. He want a young horse well broken to ride and work. O.

The darkness and the silence lie
Between your soul and mine,
Like some great river rolling by
Beneath a night of stormy sky,
Where not a star may shine.

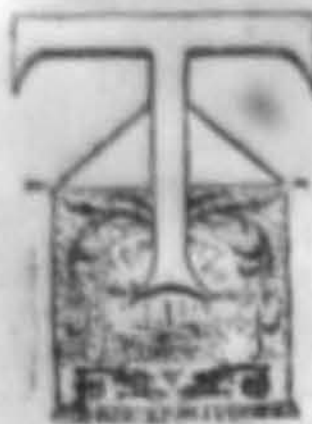
But, in beneath the silent brain
Twist lands of kindred speech,
There runs a slender, living line
O'er which there flash, by lightning signs,
The thoughts of each to each.

So, 'neath the parting front of death
There runs a living line
Of sweetest memory and faith,
Of love not born for mortal breath,
Between your soul and mine!

—Bessie W. Shoup, in Independent.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

BECKS.—Doubtless and toilet of a society belle. The belle, who, besides being very beautiful, is still young and fresh, is seated in front of her dressing table under the hands of her maid, who is preparing her hair for the night. On the dressing table are a mirror and various articles of the toilet.



BE Maid—"Mademoiselle was a great triumph to-night; no?"

The Belle (abstractedly)—"Yes, Celeste, I think so."

The Maid (with pride)—"The men all fall down and adore mademoiselle; no?"

The Belle—"No, not all the men. Some of them. Enough of them. (Sighing). Too many of them."

The Maid—"That is good. Mademoiselle has an embarrassment of choice."

The Belle—"Yes, an embarrassment of choice. You speak truly, Celeste. (Sighing again). It is that which makes me—but, hah! why think of it all? I suppose it is the experience of all girls like me in society, with a fortune, a face and a facile tongue. There! That will do for to-night, Celeste; I am going to sit up for a little. I may read and I may write, I cannot say."

The Maid (horrified)—"But mademoiselle has already lost so much of the beauty sleep."

The Belle—"I am restless. Besides, if all be true that men have told me to-night, I do not need it. Good night, Celeste."

The Maid—"Good night, mademoiselle!" (Exit maid).

The Belle (alone)—"Five proposals in one night. That is, counting one that I suppose does not—ought not to count. Four of them at any rate such as a girl in her second season should jump at. As for the fifth—well, I won't think of it, I mean, if I can help it I won't. Yet—but what nonsense! Let me review the others. First came old Tottlerly. Sixty years old he said he was. He is eighty, if he is a day. Worth four millions, he said. That part is probably true. But, oh! Let us pass on to the next. Philip Egerton Denning, the writer and thinker; the literary lion of the season. Funny he should fancy me. I like him, too, myself. I cannot help admiring his intellect, and I feel that I should always respect him. Yet—(murmurs several minutes, then sighs). Who next? Oh, yes. (Laughing heartily). I must not forget him. Lord Tuffant, the latest British importation, who did me the honor to offer me, with a monocle in one fishy eye, his title, his mortgaged estates and the family tree that, in its time, has borne an abundance of just such overripe fruit as he is. And for what? My youth, beauty, and money. Nonsense. Next. Ahem! The same thing, in a measure, only of our own manufacture. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, of the most cerulean of blue blooded Knickerbocker stock. Truly our country has reached a wonderful height in her industries when she can turn out anything so nearly like the English article, even to his morals, as Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer! There they are, all of them, labelled to the best possible advantage. All—except Jack. Poor Jack! Well, I might as well list him. Jack Willoughby. Something down town. Poor as a church mouse, handsome as Apollo, and true as steel. Ah, well! (sighing) I suppose I must not think of him. It is lucky, though, that some one interrupted us when he proposed, or I might have said yes. I was overcome with the heat of the ball room; and when he put his arm around me, and whisperingly begged for an answer, I felt so weak, for the moment, that I don't think I should have had strength to refuse him. But somebody came, somebody always does, and I suppose I am safe. I promised them all an answer in a week. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. (Closes her eyes and thinks.)

A half hour or more passes, during which the belle appears to sleep. Suddenly she opens her eyes.

The Belle—"I must have slept. But nothing in my dreams seemed to offer me any help. Oh, dear! Is there anything or anybody that can show me what to do?"

A voice—"There is."

The Belle (startled)—"Good gracious! What was that?"

A voice—"Don't be frightened. It was I."

The Belle (still more alarmed)—"But who are you? Where are you?"

A voice—"Your mirror."

The Belle—"But, good heavens! Mirrors cannot speak."

The Mirror—"Mirrors can do a great many more things than people give them credit for. We reflect; why should we not speak? That we can do so is proved by my talking to you now. I have listened to all you have thought and would help you."

The Belle (trembling)—"Was I thinking aloud?"

The Mirror—"No. But you cannot think and look into my face without every thought being known to me even though I may not reveal what is in your mind. I want to help you to decide your future. Are you willing, that I should?"

The Belle—"You mean with regard to—"

The Mirror (blandly)—"I mean with regard to the five proposals you received to-night."

The Belle (after a pause)—"Which shall I accept?"

The Mirror—"That I may not tell you. I can simply help you to judge for yourself."

The Belle (anxiously)—"How can you do that?"

The Mirror—"By showing you yourself, your surroundings and your condition of mind, five years after your marriage with any one of your would-be husbands of this evening."

The Belle—"Oh, dear! This is worse than chiromancy. Wouldn't—eh—wouldn't it be wicked?"

The Mirror—"Not so wicked as it would be to marry the wrong man."

The Belle—"I suppose that must be true. Well, what must I do?"

The Mirror—"First, turn down the gas. Then place yourself facing me, and light the spirit lamp of your curling-iron apparatus. Now, take some of your pearl face powder, sprinkle it on the flame, and wait. (She does so. The surface of the mirror becomes heavily clouded). Which would you see first?"

The Belle (laughing hysterically)—"Oh, take them in their regular order."

The Mirror—"Then, Mr. Tottlerly, the eighty-year-old millionaire, first. What can you see? Speak!"

The cloud on the face of the mirror gradually clears in the centre, disclosing a picture.

The Belle (in a low voice)—"I see myself, handsomely dressed, covered with jewels, at an evening reception. Many men are around me offering me attentions. For some reason I dare not accept them. In a corner, jealously watching me, I see Mr. Tottlerly. He scowls every time a man pays me a compliment. Everything is bright around me, but the very brightness seems to weary me, and remind me of something lacking."

The Mirror (grimly)—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (shuddering)—"No. Although bored to death where I am, I dread to go home, because I shall be alone with him, my husband. I see nothing but despair and waiting, constant waiting for release." (Picture vanishes).

The Mirror—"You will not forget that. Now look upon this. (Again a picture forms). What do you see?"

The Belle—"I see myself again, but alone. I have been reading, but have tired of it. There is something I want to do, something I want to feel, but I cannot. In a little room nearby I see Philip Egerton Denning, my literary, intellectual husband. He is very busy, writing. In my utter loneliness, I get up and go to him. Stooping over, I gently kiss him on the brow. He frowns, pushes me away, and tells me I destroy his ideas. I sigh, turn away, and go to bed."

The Mirror (ironically)—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (bitterly)—"No. All the warmth in my heart is gradually being frozen by the cold indifference of the man I have married. He is too brainy to lavish any affections on his wife; his growing fame is more important than domestic ties. Show me the next."

The Mirror—"Well, what see you here?"

The Belle—"Another reception. I am sitting alone, however, utterly ignored by the many women present except in the way of an occasional supercilious glance at my gown, or a whisper to some one else about me behind a fan. I think it must be in England. Some of the women have red noses, and they all look tired and bored to death."

The Mirror—"It is. It is the fifth year of your reign as Lady Tuffant."

The Belle—"I see myself moving into another room where everybody is playing cards. His Lordship, my husband, is there, gambling like the rest. I tell him I do not feel well and would like to go home. He advises me to go home alone or amuse myself in the conservatory. He says there is too much of his money on the table to go then. He means my money. I have seen enough of this."

The Mirror (mockingly)—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (sadly)—"No, but I am gradually becoming deadened to my misery."

The Mirror (as a new picture appears)—"Now you are Mrs. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, a member of the native aristocracy of New York. Can you see yourself?"

The Belle—"Yes. I see myself once

more alone. The room is handsomely furnished; everything looks rich and good. But I am waiting anxiously and listening intently. At every sound I get up and look through the blinds into the dark night. At last, as dawn is breaking, a cab drives up; I hear it. A few minutes afterward my husband enters the room. He scolds me in a thick voice for remaining up. A quarrel ends in my bursting into tears. He stoops over me to kiss me and I nearly faint with nausea."

The Mirror—"Are you happy?"

The Belle (desperately)—"No. I am humiliated by his neglect, disgusted with his manner of life, and harassed with constant suspicion. I am utterly wretched."

The Mirror (slyly)—"There is only one more picture. Do you want to see it?"

The Belle (confusedly)—"Yes, I suppose I may as well. It is probably like all the rest."

The Mirror (as the last picture appears)—"Then behold! And tell what you see."

The Belle (very softly)—"I see myself again. I am sitting in front of a cozy fire of soft coal, sewing something light. Near me is—near me is—yes, it is Jack. Mr. Willoughby. I mean. He is talking to me very gayly, and I am smiling and listening. Now the door opens and two children come bounding into the room; a boy and a girl. They want to bid us good-night, they say. They look so much like Jack they might almost be—almost be—his nephew and niece."

The Mirror (gently)—"Are you happy?"

There is no answer from the belle, for she wakes up with a start.

The Belle (after looking earnestly at the mirror, which is as bright as crystal)—"I have been dreaming and it is nearly five o'clock. But I am not sorry. An embarrassment of choice, Celeste said. I thought so, too, but we were both young. I told her I might read and I might write. (Smiling.) Well, I have read a great deal; I think I will write a little. (Writes.)

My Dearest Jack: I don't think I will keep you waiting a week for my answer. I am yours as soon as you come to claim me.

—Life.

WISE WORDS.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.

A full jail is better than an empty one.

Gossip is generally a desire to get even.

A drop of ink may make a million think.

It is a rare man who can do a favor delicately.

You seldom admire a man you see a great deal of.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.

It is not hard to forgive a lie told with good intent.

One drop of scandal will spread over a whole life-time.

What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

Everything a man likes to do a woman can prove is wicked.

The man who knows the world and is not a cynic is usually a fool.

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there.

The fools are not all dead yet, and, what is more, they never will be.

Every human heart ought to be a bird cage with a singing bird in it.

Of all virtues justice is the best. Valor without it is a common pest.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others.

The people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth.

The more friends a business man has the more things he sells below cost.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.

The younger a woman is the more indignant she is when she hears of a bad husband.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?

A Remarkable Fall of Stone.

M. L. Fletcher, an English mineralogist, tells of a remarkable fall of stones which took place at some early date in the history of Mexico. He describes fourteen huge masses in all, and advances the very likely theory that they originally formed a single meteoric mass that was shattered by the intense heat engendered while passing through the earth's atmosphere. The fragments of this immense meteorite are scattered over a section of country sixty-six miles in length and twenty-two in width, and it is estimated that its total weight was but little short of 20,000 pounds. One piece of it, now in the National Museum at Washington.—Atlanta Constitution.

FOR ATLANTA'S BIG FAIR.

DISPLAY BY THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

It Will Be of Great Interest to Farmers and the General Public—Some of the Exhibits.

THE United States Department of Agriculture at Washington is preparing a very complete and interesting exhibit for the big fair at Atlanta in the latter part of 1895. It will include a completely equipped weather bureau station in full operation; also a complete collection of climatic and meteorological charts, photographs of clouds and lightning, etc. Lithographic weather maps will be printed daily at the exposition for general distribution.

The division of ornithology and mammalogy will exhibit pictures illustrating the geographic distribution of mammals and birds in the United States, and the habits of the various species in their relation to agriculture. The habits in question will be further shown by groups of animals known to be beneficial or harmful, such species handsomely mounted. For example, there will be five groups of ground squirrels, each of half a dozen animals, which will be seen engaged in their natural pursuits, ravaging grain fields, catching grasshoppers, etc.

There will be a number of groups of birds, each teaching important lessons in the economy of the species. One will show a number of crows in the cornfield, some pulling the new sprouted corn, others devouring grubs. There will be a small flock of cedar birds, feeding on the leaf beetles of the elm. They will form an attractive group and emphasize the usefulness of this bird.

The new division of agricultural soil will show some of the most important types of soils from different parts of the country, such as the adobe, the mesa and the soil of the blue grass region of Kentucky. It will exhibit soils that are especially adapted to certain crops, such as the early truck soils of the Atlantic coast, the soils adapted to the different kinds of tobacco, to cotton, to wheat. The constituent parts of these soils will be displayed in separate jars.

The division of forestry will exhibit specimens illustrating the botany of Southern forests, including seeds, leaves, flowers, etc., showing the character of the flora of the southeastern section of the United States. A special display will be made of the pines of the South from the botanical as well as from the commercial point of view; likewise of various methods of serpentine orcharding.

The division of botany will exhibit a reproduction of the new laboratory for testing seeds which has been established at the Department of Agriculture. There will be models of machinery for sowing, harvesting and cleaning seeds, also a sample collection of commercial seeds, a collection of weed seeds, a collection of seeds used in medicine, the arts, for oils and for food; likewise a collection illustrating the various methods by which seeds are dispersed in nature. There will be a collection of the commercial seeds produced in the South, and twenty of the worst weeds of the South will be represented by mounted specimens and photographs showing their distribution.

The division of microscopy will exhibit a collection of models illustrating edible and poisonous mushrooms. It will also show micro-photographs illustrating the structure of different kinds of cotton fibers.

The bureau of animal industry will show models illustrating various diseases of animals, photographs of bacterial disease germs highly magnified. Other models will present a quarantine station, the method of tagging cattle for interstate and export trade, the stock yards at Kansas City, and methods for preventing the spread of Texas fever. Models and natural history specimens will illustrate the development of the horse's foot and the disease to which it is subject.

The exhibit of the division of vegetable pathology will comprise models, paintings, photographs and living plants and fruits, illustrating the various diseases of crops and of plants. Colored maps will show the distributions of the most important plant diseases in this country. Drawings will show on a greatly enlarged scale the parasitic fungi which causes these diseases. There will be a complete display of remedies for the prevention or cure of these diseases and of machines utilized in applying them.

The exhibit of the division of entomology will consist of insects injurious to agriculture grouped according to the plants and animals affected, each of which will be an object lesson and a pictorial epitome of the life history of the injurious species, with samples of the injury done by it. There will be a case illustrating injuries by insects to forest trees; also a series of illustrations of devices used for rearing insects in order to study them, with wax models of insects and real insects, too.

The division of pomology will exhibit models of fruit grown in this country, especially Southern fruits. A model of an orange tree will exhibit

the various stages of fruiting in some of the plants. There will also be a collection of wild and cultivated ants.

Various fibers will be shown, including flax from the State of Washington, ramie from Louisiana, and hemp from Florida, pineapple fibre from California, hemp from Kentucky and pine-needle fiber from North Carolina.

An exhibit of cotton will illustrate every feature of cotton culture, comprising models of cotton plants, illustrations of their diseases and representations of their insect enemies. There will be a collection of over 1500 samples of nearly every variety of cotton grown in thirteen States and Territories; also samples from all over the world.—Washington Star.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Nero was wont to eat raw meat.

An Acheison (Kan.) woman's poodle dog sports a glass eye.

Seamen nearing land can tell that fact by the deposits of dew on the vessel.

Louis Cyr, the Canadian Samson, lifts 3500 pounds without harness or other apparatus.

Brazil nuts are more properly seeds, about sixteen of which are enclosed in a large shell.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves, untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle.

James Willis, of Mount Sterling, Ky., has been struck by lightning four different times and still lives.

In Greece there is 558 miles of railroad in operation, 301 under construction, and 214 more chartered.

There is a duck ranch in the Blue Mountain of Pennsylvania which sends 12,000 birds to the market yearly.

The peacock is found in a wild state in India, Ceylon, Madagascar and many other parts of Asia and Africa.

Charles McVeagh, of Harpswell, Me., lifts a barrel of flour with his teeth and holds a quintal of fish at arm's length.

The wife of C. Beaupre, of St. Raymond, Province of Quebec, Canada, gave birth to twins after she was seventy-five years old.

Raphael lived principally on dried fruits, such as figs and raisins, eating them with bread. He had a theory that a meat diet was not good for a painter.

In each wing of the ostrich twenty-six long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ecru or gray.

The butter which scored 99½ points and took the first prize at the recent Iowa State convention, was made by Martin Mortensen, a young butter-maker with but six months' experience.

The weekly shipments of oleo from the Port of New York to the Continent of Europe average a value of \$100,000 to \$150,000, besides which shipments are made from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Montreal. This oleo is the basis of oleomargarine.

Two weeks ago in the Swiss city of Geneva, with 150,000 of a population, largely floating, they were, according to the official record, twenty-one suicides, and in all but one or two cases scraps of paper were found in which the victims stated that they could bear the pangs of poverty no longer.

Web Spinners.

Among the great web-spinning spiders is the Halaba, of Madagascar, which spins shining golden-yellow threads strong enough to bear the weight of one of these cork helmets, such as travelers wear in warm countries. They have woman's sufrage in the Halaba family, where the female considerably outweighs the males, and is correspondingly "bossy." She grows to the quite remarkable length of five and a half inches, while he, poor fellow, never gets beyond the quite insignificant dimensions of an inch and a half. In consequence, when she, in all the glory of her shining gold cuirass with a silvery down on it, spreads her five red, black tipped limbs in the midst of her shining gold web, he has to keep at a respectable distance, and seeks the seclusion of his cub, for he has no right in that web which his more mighty spouse is bound to respect. She is a very industrious spinner, and I have no doubt that the airs of superiority she takes over her husband are largely due to the fact that she realizes she is the breadwinner of the family. She has been known to spin in a little less than a week 3291 yards. For over 150 years men have tried to utilize spider's silk for weaving fabrics with but discouraging success. Le Bon, about the beginning of the last century, succeeded in making gloves of it, and Louis XIV. had a pair of hose made of the thread. The web of the Halaba and one or two American spiders have led Dr. Wilder, of Cornell University, to hope that he might still make spider webs commercially valuable. The thread is quite as long as that of the silkworm, one species in Jamaica spinning a thread sometimes three miles long, but the chief difficulty lies in obtaining a long thread unbroken.—Chicago Times.

The most beautiful spot in all this city is...
It is no wonder that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad...
To a reporter for the News Mr. Hackley explained the secret of this transformation...
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves...
Massinger enjoyed real chops, breaded with plenty of butter and a glass of ale...
Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications...
Fielding said that tarts made with currant jelly always reminded him of heaven...
The Most Pleasant Way of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs...
The London Times is printed on American paper...
The city of Melbourne, Australia, has lost 40,000 inhabitants in two years and a half...
If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water...
Had Hip Disease He was treated at the Children's Hospital, Boston, and when he came home had SEVERE RUNNING SORES on his leg...
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe.

Case: "The Hon-Absentment-Literary: The Point of View-Add Nothing to It, etc., etc."
THE POINT OF VIEW.
Carson—"To what school of writers does Scrawls belong?"
Vokes—"He poses as a realist; but his creditors say he is a romantic."—Truth.
ARRANGEMENT.
Penelope (freely)—"You do not love me."
Ten Broeks (convincingly)—"I worship the very ground that you inherit."—Life.
ADD NOTHING TO IT.
"The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears."
"Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."—Life.
LITERAL.
"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles."
"I do," replied Haggis; "when ever a creditor sends me a letter I burn it."—Washington Star.
TRUTHFUL.
"Waiter, is this cheese imported?"
"Yes, sir; part of it."
"What do you mean?"
"Well, sir, the holes came from Switzerland, but just the substance was made here."
TWO STRINGS.
"Why is Charley letting his hair grow?"
"For two reasons. He intends to try football, and if he's not a success at it he's going to join the woman's rights party."—Judge.
A MATTER OF INDIFFERENCE.
"Do you take any interest in the problem of whether or not Mars is inhabited?" asked the young man.
"Oh, dear, no," replied the young woman. "Even if it were the people wouldn't belong to our set."—Judge.
GETTING EVEN.
Jones—"I told you that I would get even with Smith, and I have."
Brown—"How did you do it?"
Jones—"I made my wife put on her new two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sealskin sacque and go and call on his wife."—Puck.
A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE.
Irate Woman—"Git out of here, you dirty Injun! Is it dinner you have the face to beg for? I'll sic one of the dogs on you!"
Chief Much-fraid-of-water (placidly)—"S'pose sic fat dog on big Injun; him heep glad."—Judge.
RESIGNATION.
"Is your wife lecturing on the destiny of woman?" was the sympathetic inquiry.
"Yes."
"Isn't that a pretty heavy subject?"
"Yes. But it could be worse. She might be at home making biscuit."—Washington Star.
AN AUTHORITY.
"Football, sir, is brutal. It is based largely upon the exercise of brute force, and the opportunities of unfair tactics are such—"
"Oh, say—hold on. Have you ever seen a game of football?"
"No; but I hold clinics in three hospitals in a college town!"—Chicago Record.
GOOD TO THROW AT THE CAT.
Book canvassers should take courage from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding." A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a growl.
"It's no use to me, I never read."
"But there's your family," said the canvasser.
"Haven't any family—nothing but a cat."
"Well, you may want something to throw at the cat."
The book was purchased.
HE DIDN'T WAIT.
"Mary!"
It was the voice of the old man in the upper hall.
"Yes, pa."
"Is Mr. Simpson still there?"
"Y—yes, pa."
"And didn't the clock just strike one?"
"I—I rather think it did."
"Well, you just tell him if he is there in ten minutes from now that that is just what I shall do, and—Mary!"
"Yes, pa."
"He will be that one."
Fifteen seconds later the front door opened and closed again softly and Mary was alone in the hall.—New York World.

Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical DISCOVERY Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power, over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS (Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book.

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Let the mother become sick and helpless, and the house is all in disorder. When both father and mother are down you may as well close the shutters. Order is brought out of chaos often very easily, and Mrs. John Malin, of South Butte, Mont., Feb. 17, 1893, found an easy way out of her difficulties, as she writes (hus): "My husband and I took very bad rheumatism from severe colds, and my arms were so lame I could not raise them to help myself. I sent at once for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and before the bottle was half empty I could go about my work. My husband became so lame he could not get out of bed. Two and half bottles completely cured him. I will always praise St. Jacobs Oil, and you may use this as you see fit." This is a clear case of what is "set at the right moment, and how every household can be made happy where pain abounds.

In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa, the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substance. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable. Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsuitable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

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DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple. SEND FOR BOOK.
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I thank you with my whole heart.
Yours truly,
NAOMI OLIVER.

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